THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street 4th door from Locust, over Taylor & McDonald's Book store Columbia, Pa. ☞ Entrance, same as Dr. Jey's Photograph Gallery. [August 21, 1858

THOMAS WELSH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.

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November 29, 1857.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia Pa

Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

Columbia, May 1, 1859.

J. W. FISHER,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Columbia, Pa.

Columbia, September 8, 1859-tf

S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative Surgical and Mechanical Departments of Dentistry:

OFFICE Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office Columbia Pa

May 7 1859

Harrison's Coumbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

We Have Just Received

DR. CUTTER'S Improved Chest Expanding Suspender and Shoulder Braces for Gentlemen and Patent Skirt Supporter and Brace for Ladies just the article that is wanted at this time. Call and see them at Family Medicine Store Odd Fellows Hall. [April 9, 1859

Prof. Gardner's Soap.

WE have the New England Soap for those who do not obtain it from the Soap man, it is pleasant to the skin, and *will* take grease spots from Woolen Goods, it is therefore no humbug, for you get the worth of your money at the Family Medicine Store.

Columbia, June 11, 1859

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers for invalids and children—*new articles in Columbia*, at the Family Medicine Store.

April 16, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china ware, ornamental work, toys, &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can judge for yourselves if you call at the Family Medicine Store.

EMILY MEDICINE STORE.

IRON AND STEEL!

THE Subscribers have received a New and Large Stock of all kinds and sizes of

BAR IRON AND STEEL!

They are constantly supplied with stock in this branch of his business, and can furnish it to customers in large or small quantities, at the lowest rates

J. RUMPLE & SON,

Locust street below Second, Columbia, Pa.

April 23, 1860.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds &c. For sale at the Golden Mortar Drugstore Front st. July 2

AYER'S Compound Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, and all scrofulous affections, a fresh article just received and for sale by

R. WILLIAMS, Front st, Columbia,

Sept. 21, 1859.

FOR SALE.

200 GROSS Friction Matches, very low for cash

June 25, '59. R. WILLIAMS.

Dutch Herring!

ANY one fond of a good Herring can be supplied at

S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 10, 1859. Grocery Store, No. 71 Locust st.

LYON'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY and PURE WINES, especially for Medicinal Sacramental purposes, at the

Jan. 28. FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

NICE RAISINS for 8 cts. per pound, are to be had only at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No 71 Locust street

GARDEN SEEDS.—Fresh Garden Seeds, warranted pure, of all kinds, just received at

EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860 No 71 Locust street

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.

A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each

H. Quarrier's and News Depot.

Columbia, April 14, 1859.

A NEW store of those beautiful Prints left, which will be sold cheap, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S

April 14. Columbia, Pa.

Just Received and For Sale.

1500 SACKS Ground Alum Salt, in large or small quantities, at

APPOLD'S

May 5, '60. Warehouse, Canal Basin.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE.

Dec 3, 1859. Front street, Columbia.

Turkish Prunes!

FOR a first rate article of Prunes you must go to

S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, 1859. Grocery Store, No 71 Locust st.

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

JUST received a large and fine assortment of Gold Pens, of Newton and Griswold's manufacture, at

SAYLOR & McDONALD'S Book Store.

April 14 Front street, above Locust.

FRESH GROCERIES.

WE continue to sell the best "Levy" Syrup, White and Brown Sugars, good Coffees and choice Teas, to be had in Columbia at the New Corner Store, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, and at the old stand adjoining the bank. H. C. FONDERSMITH.

Segars, Tobacco, &c.

A LOT of first-rate Segars, Tobacco and Snuff will be found at the store of the subscriber. He keeps only a first rate article. Call it.

S. F. EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

Oct. 6, '6 Locust st., Columbia, Pa.

CRANBERRIES,

NEW Crop Prunes, New Citron, at

Oct. 20, 1860. A. M. RAMBO'S.

SARDINES,

Worcestershire Sauce, Refined Cocoa, &c., just received and for sale by S. F. EBERLEIN.

Oct. 29, 1860. No. 71 Locust St.

CRANBERRIES.

JUST received a fresh lot of Cranberries and New Currants, at No 71 Locust Street.

Oct 21, 1860 S. F. EBERLEIN

Poetry.

[We insert by request the following lines by the late Moses McLean, Esq., of Harrisburg.]

"Father Forgive Them."

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.—LUKE, 23, 34

Come mourning soul, rejoice, be glad!
Drive every fear away;
Come listen to the dying God,
And hear the Savior pray.

Legions of Angels were his own,
Obedient to *His* word;
With zeal the immortal warriors burned
To vindicate their Lord.

Michael, of Heaven's own armies Prince,
Thou didst no succor bring;
Nor grasp thy spear, Hell's terror once,
To save thy suffering King!

To earth no thunders dared to roll;
No vengeful flames appears
"The thy beloved Jehovah bleeds,
And Heaven is all in tears.

For him no warrior Angels fought,
No thunders roll'd abroad;
For meek eyed Love their vengeance chain'd
Fast to the throne of God.

"Father forgive them!" Jesus cried,
Let vengeance not pursue;
"Father forgive them," was His prayer,
"They know not what they do."

Come, faithful soul, again rejoice,
Cause every doubt to flee,
Thy Saviour for His murderer's pray'd,
And He will pray for thee.

Should persecution's eager shaft
Pursue us while we live,
Jesus, benevolent, divine,
Oh, teach us to forgive!

Selections.

Touching the Hand.

The hand is the most perfect instrument which God has given for the use and study of man. It is replete with the clearest evidence of the most wonderful design. By it we obtain a more complete knowledge of the properties of matter than by any other organ of touch. The eye alone could never communicate to the mind many of the qualities of external things—size, distance, position. The muscles of the shoulder, arm, wrist, and those disposed about the arm itself, give this member astonishing facility in performing the multitudinous operations in which we use it—grasping, reaching, pulling, thrusting, &c. There is a meaning in the inequalities of the fingers—the arming them at the tips with a horny substance—in the separation of the thumb from the four digits by a bed of muscle. Then only consider its beauty:

No face, no hand, proportion, line or air
Of beauty, but the Muse hath mis-rest us.

Whiteness is thought a great point; and a fair hand is certainly very beautiful. But the whiteness ought to be healthy and natural, not of a sickly hue; rather than that, give us a genuine, undeniable, unchangeable red. The most distinguishing characteristic of Aurora was her rosy hand, a hand glowing with health and freshness. A white hand seems to have been emblematic of innocence. Thus, in Massinger's "Great Duke of Florence,"—"Let this, the emblem of your innocence, give me assurance!" And Lydia replies: "My hand joined to yours; without this superstition, confirms it." A red hand, the baronet's cognizance, was symbolical of war, and a hard hand of vulgarity—for labor was ever accounted vulgar. Scipio Nasica, the enemy of Tiberia Gracchus, who was a great favorite of the Roman populace, stood candidate for the consulship, and although he complied so far with the usual custom as to canvass for votes, yet he displayed in his behaviour the greatest contempt for the people. "What!" said he, as he took the hardened hand of a laborer whose vote he solicited, "do you walk on your hands?" Byron was of opinion that there was nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand, and that it is almost the only sign of blood aristocracy can generate. Leigh Hunt has ridiculed Byron's notion—"My friend, George Bastle, used to lament that, in consequence of the advancement of politeness and knowledge, there was no longer any distinguishing mark of gentility but a white hand. Poor George! he had better have thought otherwise. People who have nothing but a white hand to show for their breeding, are in a bad way." Then as to shape: here grace is more satisfied by having the object rather under than over the usual size. The fingers should taper, be well rounded at the nails, and the whole outline should undulate and flow to please the taste for curves and formal beauty which nature has implanted in us. Byron's hand, his biographer tells us, was remarkably small, so much so almost as to be out of proportion to his face. The first Villers, Duke of Buckingham, was, like the poet, proud of the beauty of his hands. Sultan Mahmoud II., of terrible memory, was also noticeable for the smallness of this member; and Queen Elizabeth, amongst her other vanities, imagined that nature had distinguished her by the comeliness of this part of her person. She seems invariably to have directed the painter to attend to her hands; yet, in her picture at Hampton Court they are long and lank, like an untried pair of gloves. Paul Hentzner, in recording a notice of a public procession of the Queen to prayers, describes her hands as small, and her fingers long. He mentions that a Bohemian baron had letters to present to her, and that she pulled her glove off her right hand, and gave it to him to kiss, as a mark of peculiar favor. We have a hint of the Queen's vanity from another source, and at an earlier period of her life. In the second series of Sir Henry Ellis' "Historical Letters," there is one from a Venetian minister, who was in England at the time Elizabeth ascended the throne, and he describes her as a lady of great elegance, both of mind and body; her eyes beautiful, and, above all, her hands which she did not conceal, "*e sospra il tutte bella mano de la quale fa professione.*"—Whilst I am quoting from the Italians, I may as well mention that Grenigo, *oratore di Roma*, describes Leo X. as "of a most noble stature, with a very large head, and with hands superlatively beautiful;" and, accordingly, in Raphael's famous picture of the Pope at Florence, the hands are carefully painted. Froissart mentions a certain Gaston de Foix surnamed Phœbus, who had remarkably "fine, long, and straight" fingers. He returned one day to his castle from hunting the bear in a hot sun, and to cool himself, dipped his hands into cold water, whereupon he was seized with a violent fit, in which he died. Artaxerxes, son of Xerxes the Persian, is said to have had hands of such a length, that he could touch his knees when standing upright, and hence was surnamed Longimanus. Rob Roy was remarkable for the length of his arm and hand, which enabled him to tie his garter without stooping.

Ever since the mortal taste of forbidden fruit brought death, and knowledge, and woe into the world, there has been no object more eagerly and perseveringly sought after by man than an acquaintance after futurity. It is quite certain that, except so far as God has been pleased to make an express revelation, man's attempts to render the veil transparent have been entirely fruitless; yet he has often deceived himself with the idea that some nostrum had answered his purpose. He has consulted the stars of heaven; he has perused the entrails of beasts and fowls; and he has read on the table of his hand a portraiture of his life.—"Cardan," saith the credulous Sir Thomas Brown, in a letter to his friend, "hath a peculiar and no hard observation from a man's hand, to know whether he was born in the day or night; which, I confess, hobleth in my own." This was guessing backwards, but the chief promise of chiromancy was to tell things to be. Seven mountains stand on the palm, from which diviners pretended they had views into futurity; and valleys lay at their feet, wherein were great mines of knowledge. Palmistry is asserted by the author of "La Chiromantie Universelle" to be the most beautiful of the sciences founded on nature. In that work are long explanations of the signs to be read on the palm, and upwards of twelve hundred representations of the hand and it slines.—Shakspere satirized astrology in "King Lear," and he ridiculed chiromancy in the "Merchant of Venice."

There were many other strange superstitions connected with the hand. It was believed that the hand of a dead man was efficacious in the cure of warts and wens, by simply stroking with it the parts affected. It is stated on good authority that, at the execution of Dr. Dodd for forgery in 1777, a decently dressed young woman made her way to the gallows just only after life was extinct, to have a swelling on her face touched with his hand, and that the hangman untied the culprit's wrists, and, disgusting to relate, stroked the tumor several times with it. Robbers have used in their nefarious exploits, a dead man's hand, which they called the Hand of Glory, believing that the persons to whom it was presented were deprived, as by the sight of the Medusa's head, of all power to move. The receipt for making this formidable instrument is given in "*Les Secrets de Petit Albert*," a work published at Lyons in 1751, and it is to this effect: Take the hand, either right or left, of a person hanged and exposed in the highway, wrap it up in a piece of shroud or winding sheet, in which let it be well squeezed; then put it into an earthen vessel, and leave it for fifteen days covered with salts of various kinds; then expose it to the noonday sun in the dog days till it is thoroughly dried. A candle must be composed of the fat of a hanged man, virgin wax, and sisame of Lapland; and the hand of glory is used as a receptacle for the lighted candle. It is hardly credible that, so late as 1831, somes thieves attempted to commit a robbery in the county of Meath, armed with a lighted candle placed in a dead man's hand, in the belief that it was invisible to all but themselves, and that it prevented every person who was then asleep from waking. The relic which the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem most prized was a human hand, which had been given to the Grand Master d'Aubusson by Sultan Bajazet, as the right hand of St. John the Baptist. The tradition ran that a dragoon at Antioch having eaten a morsel of meat touched with it, suddenly swelled to a great size and then burst. When carried in procession through the country, it was supposed to predict a good year when the fingers opened; but, if it remained a threatening fist, unfavorable seasons were to be expected. When the envoy of Peter the Great visited Malta in 1698, the Grand Master presented him with a cross which had been touched by the sacred hand; and a hundred years afterwards, when the chief of the order was expelled from the island, he begged to be permitted to carry this relic along with him—a request the French readily complied with, as the hand was not of gold.

In barbarous times, punishment was frequently inflicted by cutting off the hand.—That relentless Roman general, the young Scipio Africanus, when laying siege to Numantia, was deeply angered by the people of Luten on account of the assistance they gave the besieged. He fell upon the place, and when four hundred of the inhabitants were delivered to him to do with them what he listed, he cut off their hands and let them go. In Cæsar's contest with the Gauls, he caused the hands of all his prisoners, on one occasion, to be amputated, in order to strike terror through the country. The assassins overtook Cicero at the sea side, severed his head and his hands from his body. The mouth, from which had issued mellifluous streams of eloquence before the Roman people and the senate, the hands, that with their graceful action had tempered, or with their vehement motion had driven home the language of the orator, were now brought as a gratifying offering to a cruel, ambitious voluptuary.

At the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, Cervantes was so maimed in the left hand that he lost the use of it for life. If the shot or the sabre had struck the other, who knows what the world would have lost? Our readers, we dare say, have not forgotten that an ugly blow from Harry Gow separated the hand of a gay gallant from his arm when attempting to climb in at Catherine's window, and that brisk, forward, corpulent little Oliver Proudfute afterwards picked it up in the street. There is a tale, perhaps nearly as fabulous as that of Caius Mucius burning off his right hand on an altar in presence of Porsena, lord of Clusiam, because he had killed with it the secretary instead of the master.

Part of the ceremony of taking the oath of homage consisted in the feudatory placing his hands in those of the suzerain. Historians mention that Tassilon, Duke of Bavaria, after having taken the oath of vassallage and fidelity, placed his hands in those of King Pepin le Bref, and swore allegiance and homage to him and his children on the bodies of St. Denis of France and other saints. To swear by the hand was an oath of which we have many examples in our old plays. When the forest laws were in full vigor, if a man were taken in the red hand, that is, with blood on his hand, he was punishable as if he had actually killed the deer, though other evidence were wanting. In the old Saxon law, there was a pledge called the *hand*-borrow for the good behaviour of the inferior people in each district. Last of all in this long catalogue, there is a curious custom amongst the ruling houses of Germany of contracting morganatic marriages in which the ceremony is performed by the left hand being given to the woman. A marriage of this kind is only celebrated when the woman is of inferior rank. The wife continues of her former station, and the children are not allowed to take their father's name or arms.

Mr. Traddles' Tale.

"Down in Link's Hollow, where the gibbet was?

"Aye."

"A ugly place and an ugly night. I wouldn't go."

"It won't be the first time that gibbet kept him here," said the landlord, between the whiffs of his pipe, "as his wife could tell. Ever hear about it, sir?"

"No," said the pimple-faced man, who was a stranger.

"Come, sit down, Traddles, and tell it."

Mr. Traddles looked at the fire and at the window; he cast an upward glance at the shining brasses on the shelf; a corner of his eye took in the preparations for supper which were going on quietly; a pewter measure threw an affectionate twinkle at him, which said, "Stay;" the stout old arms of the wooden settle stretched themselves out in their rough but kindly fashion, and said, "Come, nonsense about going—sit down and don't bother!" The settle finished it. Such beaming good humor there was in its polished back—such an air of reckless jollity in the way its arms were held out, and its feet, one kicking one way, one another, and so shiny was its seat, from much rubbing of drab unmentionables and marvellously embroidered smock frocks. It wasn't everywhere you could see such a settle as that; for the march of civilization and refinement is against settles, and chimney corners, and high mantles with glittering brasses.

Mr. Traddles then sat down obediently; he put out his knees wide, with a hand resting on each of them; he looked up amongst the hams and flitches for inspiration, and the pimple-faced man proffered him a pipe, which he refused; for Mr. Thraddles couldn't smoke, it gave him a tickling sensation in the throat, and if persevered in, produced a short blur before his visual organs, in which the brasses were seen to make rapid circuits round the room the fire-irons to conduct themselves in a very light manner, and even the arms of the settle to go out with such violence against everything in general, as to give rise to the idea that it was parting company in the middle, and going to pieces under him.

Mr. Traddles did not say all this to the stranger, he merely remarked that smoking was a bad habit for young men to get into, and shook his head with a self-denial very virtuous under the circumstances.

"It was in the days," began Mr. Traddles, "when there was a good deal doing on the road—not that the trade is quite used up but it's damaged; things are a little altered since Dick Turpin did his bit of a step with Black Bess—there was a farmer lived down yonder"—with a jerk of his thumb towards the window—

"Link's Hollow?"

"Aye; it was about the time my mother sent me—being a lad of genius, but, as she called it, poor soul, 'a Jack-of-all-trades, master-o'-none'—away to learn farming, expecting I should have money left me—which I had, but that's neither here nor there, for it's gone, somehow long ago.—It's a curious thing, now," said the little man, looking into the fire, "how that money did go! It was in a bank, safe enough, as I thought; I just drew a bit now and a bit then, thinking to make it up by-and-bye; and one morning going to ask for a small sum—a mere trifle—they said it was all gone. I don't wish to wrong anybody, but it was curious, you know!"

"But the gibbet!" said the pimple-faced man, impatiently. "What about that?"

"Well, the farmer was well to do; had no chick nor child, and plenty of money; a rich man, so to speak. He used to go, like other farmers, to —— market, to sell his grain and get the money for it, and it was a lonely ride enough between there and Link's Hollow, but he was a bold man, and it didn't trouble him. He had been to market as usual, and had received money.—He had it about him, bank notes and sovereigns tied up in a brown holland bag, which locked all the richer because it was dirty. He took his grog well, and gave it freely to the man who had paid him, as he always did, for he was open-handed enough. There was a stranger sitting in the same room, but his back was turned, and he seemed to be just minding his own business and taking no notice of any one, till, all at once, the farmer felt a sort of spell on him to look up. He did so, and found the stranger's eye fastened on the bag, which he had just tied up.

"'Your health,' says the farmer, looking at him, and taking a pull at his grog.

"'Same to you,' says he, laughing. 'It's to be hoped you carry arms, if you mean ride far with that sort of thing at this time of night.'

"'Arms,' says the farmer. 'Aye, and fists at the end of 'em.'

"He doubled his fists as he spoke, and the man, laughing again, wished him a pleasant ride, and went away.

"The farmer mounted his horse and rode off. He had ten good miles before him, and most on 'em across a common, with no house near, not even a cottage. He looked about as he left behind him the last house he should see till he reached his own, and then set off at a trot, whistling as he went. He had often done the same thing before; he had often ridden home as late, with as much money in his pocket and he had no fear now. Very soon he heard the ring of hoofs on the hard road behind him. He quickened his pace a bit, but not enough, for, before he was aware, a horse was stretching neck-for-neck with his, and a blow from some weapon staggered him in his seat.

"'Aye, aye,' says the farmer, gathering up the reins, and rising in his stirrups, for the moon had shone right across the robber's face, and he knew him again. 'Arms is it? Aye, and fists at the end of 'em.—Your health, my friend!'

"Hitting out, and sparring his horse, off he started, and 'my friend' after him. The robber had a tough nag, but the farmer's was the fleetest, if she could only hold her pace long enough. On they went, the sparks flying up from the hard road after them. A neck-or-nothing race it was, but the farmer gained on his friend fast. He was just beginning to draw a comfortable breath, and think about home, when a sharp whistle came from behind, and another horseman sprang into the road right before him. He wasn't going to give it up even then; they grappled together for a minute, and the dancing and capering of horse's feet mingled with their heavy breathing.—It was but for a minute; the farmer got his bridle free, doubled suddenly, and sending his riding-stick at his assailant, as a lost fond remembrance, he made for a low fence, cleared it, and got in front again. They were both after him, however, at a spanking gallop. He dug his spurs into the mare, and she spun along like the wind with him, all panting and stiff as he was, for he had got some blows, too. And now getting near his own house—where he could see the smoke curling up from the chimney; and knew his wife was sitting there waiting for him, and keeping up the fire for him—the mare's foot caught against a stone. See what little things turn the balance; it was but a moment or so lost, but it was that too much. He was seized, pinioned and his pockets rifled. He never spoke, never asked for mercy, but he struggled hard, and the robbers had no easy task to keep him fast while they searched him. They took his money, and one of them, with a curse, struck a heavy blow on the mare's reeking flank that made her spring off again like mad, while the other, perhaps his bad blood was up at the farmer's hard fighting, drawing something from his bosom, steadied his hand a minute, took aim, and the farmer tumbled from his horse like a rock out of a branch. That was in sight of his own door."

"Was he dead?"

"He lived long enough to tell it, and to swear to the man who stopped him first.—The other got off."

"He did die, then?"

"He did. His wife took on horribly; shut herself up, and never spoke a word to anybody, making no sound but a moaning, which kept on all day and all night, asleep and awake. At last she took a fancy to go rambling about the house at night, like a moaning ghost, up-stairs and down-stairs, along the passages, in and out of every room but the one he had lain in; and one night she tried that too. Perhaps she heard the strange creaking outside, or perhaps some spirit was in her, dragging her on; she must have pulled up the blind and looked out, however, and in the tree within a few yards of her, swinging backwards and forwards in the wind—we know what the moon was shining on, and she must have seen it. There came from that room a shriek that rung through the house and startled everybody out of their beds to see what was the matter. But they could only guess—she never told."

"You don't mean to say—"

"Mad!" said the little man, shaking his head—"raving!"

"Humph!" said the pimple-faced stranger—"robbed in sight of his own door! that sounds rather—rather—"

"That man," said Mr Traddles, striking his drab knees emphatically, "was my uncle. I was at his house when it happened. That horrible thing in the gibbet swung there, creaking, in sight of the house, crowds of people coming to see it every day—swarms of people. After that night they took it down, but it was too late to save my aunt!"

"And that gibbet," said the landlord, shaking the ashes out of his pipe solemnly, "was the last gibbet as ever I see, and I don't care if I never see another, nor hear on it. Pass the grog."

Doesticks hears from Damphool.

My mind is much relieved. I have heard from Damphool—from the original Damphool, of whom I have for some time past lost track. I have had my fears that he had been elected President, and was the individual who has been boss of the country at Washington under the name of James Buchanan. James has done so many things to warrant the belief that he is my old friend under an assumed name, that I have often trembled in my editorial boots at the thought that I had been instrumental in bringing him before the people. I cannot say that James himself has done so much of anything to relieve himself from suspicion; but I have had a heavy load taken from my mind by the receipt of a document which sets the whole matter at rest. James Buchanan is not Damphool, that is, not *the* Damphool; he has, I have no doubt, been nearly related to the family, and doubtless could "read his title clear" back to the great progenitor of all Damphools, a gentleman of the name, I think, of Adam, who lived in the town of Paradise, county and State to the deponent unknown.

But the great Damphool is in Charleston, South Carolina. He is a soldier there; he is serving in the trenches, or the batteries, or in whatever other place South Carolina puts her chosen sons. He has many relatives there—in fact, I believe that every man in South Carolina is connected with the Damphool family by blood or marriage. However, I will let the letter of my friend tell his story:

CHARLESTON, Jan. 20, 1861.

"MY DEAR OLD DOESTICKS:—Did you think I was lost? Did you think I was played out? Had you any wild idea that I was gone where glory waits me? I don't suppose you'd have fretted much about it, for there are plenty of us left. The Damphools are well represented in the country; no danger that the race will speedily become extinct. But here I am, serving South Carolina, and getting ready to fight my old uncle Samuel, or any other man. South Carolina is all right; South Carolina can whip uncle Sam; she isn't afraid to try England single handed; in fact, there is no doubt that if she tho't proper, she could manage Russia with her artillery, and flay out Austria with her dragoons, at the same time that her infantry were engaged in giving England and France a co-partnership drubbing.

"As for you Northerners, why, you don't know what we intend to do; but I've no objection to telling you so much of our plans as will give you a slight insight into our intentions. After we have taken possession of Washington, and buried the batch of Wide Awakes we shall have to slaughter there, then we shall step along to Baltimore and Philadelphia, and take those little places. When we have burned the pile of Wide Awakes and Republicans that we shall kill there, we shall run to New York and help ourselves to sweetmeats.

"We shan't burn much of the town, as a good many of us think of remaining there and making it our residence during the yellow fever season at the South. Pickens has promised me my choice of mansions in Fifth Avenue, in consideration of certain services I have rendered. Pickens asked my advice about how to dispose of the Wide Awakes we shall have to put to sleep and the Republicans we shall kill. Pickens has resolved to make pretty clean work with all you Northerners. We shall kill about 30,000 men the first day; and as our men will most likely be tired out with their day's business, they won't want to go to work to bury you all, and I'm afraid that to burn such a large pile of you would make the air unpleasant to the ladies. So I proposed to Pickens to have a lot of ships ready, pile our dead enemies aboard, take them out about twenty-five miles to sea, and sink them. Pickens liked the notion; and, in return for my ingenious proposal, he has promised me the choice of houses in the city. I haven't exactly decided about it yet; but I shall do so to-night. Most of our other fellows have selected their houses, and Pickens' private secretaries are making out the deeds.

"There is a good deal of gambling done among the chaps for these fine pieces of eligible property. I know one fellow—Baptlin by name—who had a deed of the house built by Sarsaparilla Townsend on the Fifth avenue; he was playing poker last night; it was a big game; all the fellows were rich, and things were lively. The game got exciting. Baptlin had three kings and a pair of aces; he got wild and offered to bet anything and everything; one of the table, to whom Pickens had apportioned the Pennsylvania property on Madison square, put that property up; Squiggs bet Tiffany's establishment; Jenker bet the Astor House.—This was just what Baptlin wanted; he had been lucky the day before, and had a pocketful of New York deeds, so he went in strong; he put the Custom House and eight [illegible] West Fourteenth street better, [illegible] and put up Ball & Black's [illegible] and three [illegible] houses in Warren street; Squiggs [illegible] with Stewart's steam candy [illegible] Herald office, and a [illegible] than he won the St. Nicholas [illegible] better. Baptlin came up with Gunther's [illegible] fur house, and four large jewelry concerns in Maiden lane; Jenker replied with the Atlantic dock property, and Third avenue railroad, and wanted to go Tyng's church, the Chemical Bank and the Union ferry better, but here Baptlin said he was broke, and demanded a sight for his pile. He had it, and that's all the good it did him. His kings and aces were nowhere, for Jenker had a "flush," and little Squiggs raked the pot with four nine spots.

"Such scenes are common. I dare say the whole of Manhattan Island has changed hands a dozen times over. Pickens' deeds are considered perfectly good and sound.

"I have not gambled much in that sort of property; but, as we have concluded to save all the women, I have speculated some in pretty girls. I have already won forty-nine girls under sixteen, and eighty-three young ladies under twenty two—half of them blondes, half brunettes, all to be plump, have fine teeth, and to be good singers; I am fond of music; these are all to be delivered to me on or before the 7th of March.

"We are going to take some of your prominent Abolitionists and anti-Southern men alive, and have a little fun with them afterwards; Pickens, when found he was getting short of money, sold "privileges of slaughter" at a large premium—these are orders entitling the holder to certain of the prisoners, to dispose of as he shall choose.—These orders are also gambled for very extensively. The "privilege of slaughter" bearing Greeley's name was sold, originally, for $400, and was afterward lost in euchre, then lost again in poker, being won by a fellow on three queens, who holds the order now. He says he is going to skin Greeley alive in front of the City Hall, on some Sunday morning in March. Bets are made that Greeley dies before he's half skinned; but the fellow who owns him—who has a great deal of practice—says he can skin him so expeditiously that Horace will hold out and holler to the last shred of hide.

"Beecher was won by a man who swore he'd drown him like a dog; this fellow, however, bet him on a horse race, and, Henry Ward was saved from a watery grave by an Alabamian, who has invited all his friends to see him burn Beecher alive, amid the ruins of Plymouth Church.

"You see, old Doesticks, we've got things all fixed. The privilege of killing you was sold to a Georgian, who said he was going to cut your heart out and give it to his cat; however, I coaxed him to play a social game of euchre, and won you on a 'lone hand,' you are now mine, and I don't think I'll kill you for old times' sake.

"When our army gets up into the New England States we shall make a clean sweep; kill everybody. We have contracted with a Bell-Everett Yankee to bury the folks; he's going to use 'em for manure, and is bound by his contract to put them three feet under. So you perceive that Pickens and the rest of us have got the programme all made out.

"Yours, etc., as of old,

A. DAMPHOOL."

Besides this letter, there was, in the same envelope, another, written in pencil, which ran as follows:

DEAR DOESTICKS:—The other letter was written for the committee to see; this is for your private eye:

"I want to get away; I want to come to New York; I have been pressed into this service; I've got the rheumatism sleeping out doors; my back aches from the musket drill, and my feet are blistered from constant marching. Can't you do something for me? I haven't got 'mary red;' Pickens 'assessed' it all out of me, and all the rest of us. Try and help me, there's a dear old boy.

DAMPHOOL."

I have no reason to doubt the authenticity of the first one of my letters. It was evidently written by the original South Carolina Damphool. I have my doubts about the last one, as I dont believe my Damphool would want to leave the South, that's the very place for him; all his friends are there, and there should he remain in the midst thereof. If I hear more, I will communicate.

Skeptically,

DOESTICKS, P. B.